MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Oh! I pity my neighbor over the way
Who has nothing to do but yawn all day;
No little hands to tumble his hair,
No little "nuisance" to vex her with care,
No little "torment" to worry and tease;
Nothing to do but consult her own ease.

Poor rich neighbor, I'm sorry for you—
Sorry, because you have "nothing to do."
Sorry, because, as the days go by,
You are restless and weary, you know not why;
And once in a while I can see the trace
Of many a tear on your fair, proud face.

I am only a laborer's wife,
Doing my part in the treadmill of life.
Joe, my husband, is off all day,
Fighting the giants of "want" away.
Baby and I are busy, too,
But we've plenty of time to be sorry for you.

Baby's a nuisance, a plague and a joy;
But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy.
I've no time for a groan or a sigh,
No time to be idle as the days go by;
My arms are full as the day is long,
Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor rich neighbor over the way,
Watching my baby and me at play,
What of your wealth if your heart is bare!
'Tis to love and be loved that makes life so fair.
So, neighbor mine, I tell you true,
Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

I did love her. Oh, how I did love that girl! And they say all is fair in love and war, and perhaps that is some excuse for me.

I had liked her a long while, and I knew that she liked me.

I was as big a fellow as she could see anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and, when I was married, father had promised to build me a first-rate house and stock the place for me.

And when I went to church on Sunday, or to town, I had good clothes, and was never told I looked ill in them.

On the whole, I felt myself a good, fair match for Fanny Martin, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so to, and she never refused my attentions.

I had settled, in the slow, quiet sort of way in which countrymen do settle those things, that we'd make a match of it.

The other young fellows knew it, and if we were not fashionable we were so far gentlemen that we had our code of honor. None of them ever interfered or tried to cut me out.

But then "he" came, you see—dapper and pretty, and dressed like a tailor's fashion plate, and he talked of things I knew very little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful, gallant ways that I had never learnt.

Mr. Williams, that was his name. And in that summer holiday of his, while we were working hard over the hay and were tanned, dirty and worn, and so tired that sleep was about all we wanted when work was over, why then he, soft, sweet and smiling, made himself agreeable to the girls, and crept into Fanny Martin's heart—my Fanny.

She scarcely looked at me. She did not care whether she met me or not; and on Sunday there he was making me feel somehow so coarse, rough and vulgar, and when I wanted her to go with me into the woods where we used to sit in the great green shadows and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse for staying at home, and when on the road from church I took her hand in mine, she snatched it away, and said, quite crossly:

"Don't Ben; don't, do such silly, rustic things while the London folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

"Mr. Williams laughs, you mean, I suppose," said I. "That's gentlemanly, too."

And then she blushed and curled her little lip and said:

"You are criticising Mr. Williams' manners, are you?"

After that there was a coolness between us; but though it made my heart ache I could not think that it mattered much to her.

I stayed away from her father's house and did not walk home with her from church on Sunday; indeed I did not go to church at all. And I knew the young folks—aye, and the old folks, too—were saying that we had fallen out with each other, and I suppose every one guessed why; but I would never answer any questions — not even when my own mother asked me—not I.

So the summer came and the autumn passed on, and the town people stayed and stayed.

I saw that fellow's silk hat and twill umbrella and exquisitely-fitting garments wherever I went. Farther than I could see other people I used to see him and her—Mr. Williams and Fanny.

They had never made Fanny work much at home, and she had plenty of time to enjoy herself—an only daughter, you see, I mean, and her people were what is called forehanded.

I never intended that she should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that I did not mind work myself, but I'd never have made a slave of my wife.

This Mr. Williams could not make of her a more precious treasure than I would; I knew that.

I was thinking this all over one evening in the meadow, when suddenly I heard some one say:

"Ah—Mr. Burling."

I looked up, and there was Mr. Williams rather than ever, with a cigar in his mouth.

If he had known just how I felt to him I'm not sure that he'd have come to find me alone in the great meadow, and I thought of that just as I jumped up from the grass and looked at him. But he was smiling as politely as possible, and there is something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing to one who is civil.

Still I was not polite to him.

"That's my name," said I to him. "Do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he. "There's a little excursion to-night from our house. We're going to take a lady. Have you any little light trap, and a horse, of course, that you could let me hire for the evening? I'd rather go alone with her than in the big wagonette. You know, I'm sure, how it is—that a fellow had rather ride alone with a pretty girl, and if you will help me out I will be ever so much obliged to you."

So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he who had cut me out!

I looked at him, just holding my hands still by main force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlit road with Fanny close by him.

I asked myself whether his arms would not be around her waist, and whether in the shadow, as they fell a little behind the others, he would not kiss her.

"And you want me to help you?" I said out loud. "Me!"

"Yes," he said. "Please."

"Come along," I said. "I'll show you what I have got."

On the farm that was mine there was one building, a little cow-shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a padlock for the door, the key was in my pocket.

It came into my head that I could spoil this evening for him, and spite Fanny, too, by locking him in the shed. And if he had spirit enough to fight me for it afterward so much the better.

I led the way down into the meadow whereit stood, and unlocked the door.

"Just look in," said I, "and see if that will suit you."

"Can't see anything," said he. "It's pitch-dark. Wait, I have a match."

He took one from his pocket, and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, flat on the floor, and I had the key in my pocket.

"You'll not make any one hear very soon, my lad," said I, "and you'll not kiss Fanny Martin going over the bridge this evening."

Then I went away and laid myself flat upon the porch in front of our house and felt happier than I had felt before for a long time.

Revenge is sweet now and then.

I do not pretend to have none of the old Adam in me.

I'd been there about half an hour, and the churp, chirp, chirp of the crickets was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little light step close by me and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and, jumping up, stood before Fanny Martin.

The first thought that came into my mind was that she was looking for her beau, and it made me fiendish.

"Is that you, Miss Martin?" said I.

"Yes, Mr. Burling," said she—and, though I had said Miss Martin, how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came over to see your mother. Is she in?"

"No," said I.

"Then I'd better go home," said she. But she lingered.

"Not looking for any one else?" said I.

"No," she said very sadly. "Good night."

But I could not let her go without a cut.

"I thought you'd be on this wonderful moonlight drive," said I.

"There you were mistaken," said she.

"Did he forget to come for you" said I. "Mr. Williams, you know."

"I haven't been asked to drive," said she. "I don't know why you speak so. Mr. Williams, I suppose, is with the lady he's engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I, and I began to wish I'd asked a few more questions before I locked young Williams up in the cow-house.

We stood still, apart from each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him? Had he jilted her? That was tit for tat anyhow.

But she was so pretty, and so sad, and so winning that I felt my heart give one great throb. I took a step nearer—she took another.

"Oh, Ben," cried she, "I can't stand it, if you keep angry with me. I always have liked you best, but you've been so awfully cross."

And then she was crying on my shoulder.

Did you ever make up with some one you'd quarreled with, loving her all the time?

Did you ever feel, holding the dear face between your two palms pressing sweet kisses on the dear, soft mouth, that it had all come back, all the old love, and trust, and sweetness, and hope that you thought dead? If you have, you must know what I felt that minute.

I found myself again. I was Ben Burling once more. How strange it was.

Out of all my life I'd like to have that one moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through.

Up in the midst of the far meadow rose a column of flame.

The cowhouse was on fire, and I had locked poor innocent young Williams up in it, there to be roasted alive.

"Oh, Fanny," I cried, glaring at the horrible sight, "I'm a murderer—a murderer—don't touch me."

And away I flew to undo my mischief, if there was time. There might be, perhaps.

Never was such a run as I took across that long meadow.

When I reached the door, plunging my hand into my pocket for the key, I could not find it, I had dropped it somewhere. It was not about me.

"Williams!" I cried, "Williams! are you there? I am on the outside. Courage!"

There was no answer.

"For Heaven's sake, if you can speak, do," I shrieked, but silence answered me.

Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched—my hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the dew-wet grass, and was up at the flames again. Oh, it was horrible!

If he had been my rival it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow; his sweetheart waiting for him somewhere!

What a monster I was!

"Heaven have mercy on me!" cried I. "Let me save him, don't punish me by making me a murderer!" and I tore and wrenched the boards with my burnt hands. And in a moment more—well—it was the roof that fell, I think—I don't know.

* * * * * * * *

"He'll do very nicely now," said some one—"very nicely; plenty of nourishing food, and the wash as directed. No danger, though his escape is wonderful."

It was the family doctor, and I was on the spare bed in the bedroom, with bandages about my hands.

Mother sat there; so did Fanny. Father looked over the bed foot. Phelim, and Jane Maria, the servant, were also visible.

"And why he was so set on saving that old shell I can't tell," said mother. "He must have hid something precious there."

They did not know, then. I sat up in bed and looked at them all.

"It wasn't the shed," said I. "Mother, father, Fanny, it was Mr. Williams. I had locked him up there. I've murdered him."

"No, you havn't," said another voice, and some one came around the bed. "I'm alive, you see. You didn't think I'd stay locked up in a cowshed when I had an engagement with a lady, did you? I just burned the lock off with my cigar and came away. I intended to give you a fright in return for your trick. I suppose it's what you call a practical joke in the country—but I didn't think of anything serious. I'm really sorry."

I don't know what I said. I know I felt very foolish; but that was not half as bad as feeling like a murderer.

I had a pretty pair of hands for the next four weeks, but I didn't mind it as much as if Fanny had not fed me with hers.

She petted me as if I were a hero instead of an idiot. I believe she thought I had done something noble and grand.

And she's been my wife now—how long, Fanny?

Not so long as to have forgotten to be lovers, though my boy's head is on a level with his mother's shoulders and my own is turning gray.

Mr. Blaine's Chances of Life.

That James G. Blaine is, indeed, very sick, suffering generally from nervous prostration, all accounts agree to confirm. His present condition, after what has happened recently in Congress and at Cincinnati, necessarily recalls some melancholy facts of the past. It was the mental worriment which Gen. Harrison suffered through the campaign of 1840 that killed him precisely a month after his inauguration as President. Daniel Webster was a man of immense physical and nervous power, but in 1852 he had fixed his mind on the Whig nomination for the Presidency. Being defeated, the event so told upon him that his entire system collapsed, and he was buried at Marshfield before election day. Stephen A. Douglas is another instance how political defeat at a Presidential election may utterly ruin a constitution endowed with tremendous mental and animal forces, and the latest instance is the sad fate of Horace Greeley, only four years ago. Mr. Blaine's condition of health points strongly to the possibility that like causes may produce like effects. —*Exchange.*

Government Receipts and Expenditures for Forty-two Years.

An official statement has been prepared at the Treasury Department showing the receipts and disbursements of the Government from Jan. 1, 1834, to June 30, 1875; exhibiting also the amount of defalcations and the rates of losses per $1,000. The amount collected during that period from customs was $3,082,086,093 and the losses $2,434,632. The amount collected from internal revenue was $2,066,371,342, and the losses, $3,459,325. Collected from miscellaneous sources, $462,573,453; the losses, $1,161,634. Disbursements for the War Department, $3,930,566,021; losses, $7,512,638. Disbursements for the Navy Department, $816,252,950; losses, $2,572,827. Disbursements on account of the Indians, $144,927,954; losses, $1,483,620. Pension disbursements, $343,386,769; losses, $582,373. Miscellaneous disbursements, $1,105,893,726; losses, $10,103,467. Postoffice disbursements, $489,155,854; losses, $980,582.

Dead Currency.

Between 1869 and 1876 several new patterns of fractional currency have been devised and put in circulation. The aggregate amount paid out to the public from 1869, to June 30, 1875, was $210,853,032, or nearly twice that of the former period. Of this large total $32,125,818 remained unpaid at the end of March. In the three months since the treasury commenced paying out silver, $8,134,505, or nearly *twenty-five* per cent. of the later issues have been taken in. This is just one hundred times the ratio of redemption for the first three issues. A comparison of the ratio of redemption of the fourth and fifth issues justifies an estimate that not less than $5,000,000 of the currency issued since 1869 will never be presented for payment. This gives as a total of $15,000,000 in dead fractional currency, and leaves the total in existence and doing duty three months ago at $27,600,000. —*New York Times.*

Dngerous Somnambulism.

The Birmingham (Iowa) *Enterprise* relates this incident: "As two gentlemen were passing the Baylies Mercantile College in Keokuk last Wednesday night about midnight, they noticed the figure of a human being, in night clothing, moving slowly along on the very edge of the roof of the vast five-story building. Although horror stricken, they rightly supposed it to be a case of somnambulism, and after arousing some of the students, proceeded to the roof to give all the assistance in their power. How to awaken him without a catastrophe was the question. Three of them finally removed their boots, approached him almost noiselessly, in an instant grasped him firmly and dragged him out of danger. At this moment he partly awakened, only to fall away in a swoon on learning of his appalling situation. He was taken to his room, kindly cared for, and the next day was able to resume his studies."

Africa to be Seized.

A strong idea prevails among a large number of persons of forming a great African company, on the model of the old East India Company. Some bold speculators have already mentally laid down the lines of a great colonizing and trading company, to obtain a charter from the Crown, and to occupy large tracts of the west coast of Africa. Splendid visions of future Clives and Hastings on African soil are already filling the souls of enthusiasts. We believe that an effort will soon be made to give shape to the idea, and to bring it in some practical form under the notice of the Government.—*Toronto Globe.*

Within five years, 4,600 out of 6,000 square miles of Palestine have been surveyed by English surveyors; nearly 4,000 heights have been measured; the position of three-fourths of the Biblical towns has been set at rest; and the true sites of the cave of Adullam and the ford of baptism of the Jordan have been ascertained.

Brave, But Rash.

Since the murder of Gen. Canby by the Modocs, the country has not been more startled than it was by the announcement that Gen. Custer and five companies of his regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, had been massacred by the Sioux Indians in a ravine on the Little Horn river, a tributary to the Big Horn, which in turn empties into the Yellowstone, the Indians outnumbering our troops ten to one. Gen. Custer had personal and soldierly traits which commended him to the people. He was an officer who did not know the word fear, and, as is often the case with soldiers of this stamp, he was reckless, hasty, and impulsive, preferring to make a dare-devil rush and take risks rather than to move slower and with more of certainty. He was a brave, brilliant soldier, handsome and dashing, with all the attributes to make him beloved of women and admired of men; but these qualities, however admirable they may be, should not blind our eyes to the fact that it was his own madcap haste, rashness, and love of fame that cost him his own life, and cost the service the loss of many brave officers and gallant men. From the reports which have come to hand, it appears that, after assigning Maj. Reno, with seven companies, to attack the lower part of the Indian camp, and stationing three companies in reserve, Gen. Custer placed himself at the head of five companies—about 300 men—and dashed into a nest of 3,000 or 4,000 Sioux warriors, the same men who, under Sitting Bull, recently defeated Gen. Crook on Rosebud creek. They drew him into an ambuscaded ravine just as they did Crook's troopers, only the results were more disastrous. In the latter case it was a defeat with small loss; in this instance, 300 troops were instantly surrounded by 3,000 Indians, and the fatal ravine became a slaughter-pen from which but few escaped. Nearly the whole 300 went to a death as instant at if an earthquake had swallowed them. No account seems to have been taken of numbers, of the leadership of the Sioux, of their past record of courage and military skill. No account was ever taken of the fact that Gen. Gibbon was coming to the Little Horn with reinforcements, only a day's march behind, although Gen. Custer was aware of it. He preferred to make a reckless dash and take the consequences, in the hope of making a personal victory and adding the glory of another charge to the long list which he has so successfully headed, rather than to wait for a sufficiently powerful force to make the fight successful, and share the glory with others. He took the risk and he lost, and all that Gen. Gibbon could accomplish when he arrived the next day, was to come to the relief of the remnant of the regiment under Maj. Reno, which for twenty-four hours had been hotly pressed by the victorious Indians.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Modern and Ancient Navies.

Modern naval architecture has largely borrowed from the ancients. Only within about twenty years America and Europe adopted the ram both for offensive and defensive purposes in naval warfare, but the war vessels of the Greeks and Romans were built on the same principle. And the extent of the navies of old is something remarkable. The tonnage of the British navy, the largest of this day, is about 300,000 tons, but the Athenians, 335 years before the Christian era, being a republic with less than 2,000,000 of inhabitants, sustained a navy of 411 rams, with a tonnage of 103,577 tons, with 90,000 men, and the Romans, in a single naval battle with the Carthagenians, brought into action 364 rams, of 193,367 tons, manned by 120,000 fighting men. The fleet of Xerxes, which the Athenians defeated at Salamis, consisted of 1,207 rams, of 280,627 tons, and manned by 340,000 men.

The Turkish Assassination.

A new version of the recent assassination of members of the Turkish Ministry is given in a letter from Constantinople to the *Courier de France*, in which it is asserted that the murder of Hussein Avni and Rachid, and the attempted killing of Kaiserli-Pasha, were instigated by Midhat-Pasha, the Grand Vizier, who had arranged a plan whereby Capt. Hassan, the chosen butcher, was to perform his bloody work at a midnight session of the Cabinet Council. Partial confirmation of this story is furnished by the Constantinople correspondents of other French newspapers, who agree in the statement that the assassin was not hanged on the following day, as represented by the Turkish Government, but that the body of another man, already dead, was made to do duty in place of Capt. Hassan, who is believed to have been safely removed to a secluded retreat.

The California Harvest.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* estimates, from data furnished it, that California will have this year a surplus of over 750,000 tons of wheat, and about 200,000 tons of barley. The *Bulletin* then proceeds to show that the shipping interest of the State is not up to the need created by this immense surplus, all of which will find a foreign market, the freight charges upon it being about $14,000,000, for the earnings of which not more than a dozen ships owned in San Francisco will compete. The *Bulletin* anticipates, however, that the rapidly-developing agricultural importance of the State, creating a vast export trade, will gradually lead to the building of a deep-water fleet, which will give the State a larger share of the profit resulting from its agricultural prosperity.

An Austrian Almanac

The *Printer's Register* tells of a unique almanac for 1877, published in Austria. The date of the day occupied the center of each leaf, and is surmounted on the left by the name of the saint to whom the day is dedicated, and on the right by a maxim. The lower part of each leaf is divided into two columns. From January to June the left-hand column contains a course of lessons in six modern languages, and the other column contains Schiller's poems. For the other half of the year one column is devoted to a romance by Jules Verne, and the other to a German vocabulary. At the back of the leaves are notes on mythology, cooking, law, household receipts, and arithmetic. The leaves are so prepared that during the summer months they can be steeped in water as fly-killers, and October to April can be made into cigarettes.

SUNKEN SPECIE.

Diving for the Treasure Lost with the British Frigate Hussar, in 1780, in East River.

(From the New York Times.)

After a lapse of three years work was resumed on the wreck of the sunken frigate Hussar, near Port Morris, with a view to obtain the treasure, amounting to $4,800,000, buried in the vessel. The sloop Trent has been moored over the wreck, which is only a stone's throw from the shore, and on her deck is a steam engine and various kinds of machinery used in submarine work. A general survey of the wreck was made on Saturday morning by a diver—Mr. Cook, of San Francisco, who has gainened a great reputation on the Pacific coast. He was lowered to the wreck from a platform on the shore side of the vessel. He found little of the old frigate left. There remains a worm-eaten keelson, the knees, and the planking below the copper line, all of which is covered with a thick deposit of sand and mud. The money is supposed to be in the ship's treasury in the run. Over this is a solid mass of kentledge and shingle ballast, which, by the action of the water, have become so conglomerated that the substance is as hard as iron. The Hussar arrived with the frigate Mercury at this port on Nov. 23, 1780. The vessels carried the money to pay off the British troops, but on arriving here the money, amounting to £960,000, was all transferred to the Hussar, which also took on board seventy American prisoners, and set sail for New London, Conn. The commander determined to make a passage through Hell Gate, but failed; the vessel struck heavily on Po Rock, and the swift current drifted her helplessly along past Randall's Island. When she became manageable the Captain decided to beach her in a marsh-cove below Port Morris. With the assistance of some farmers the vessel was run ashore at high tide and fastened by hawsers to some trees. As the tide receded the strain broke the cables. Some of the trees were pulled up and the vessel, with sudden lurch, went over the ledge and sunk in 100 feet of water. Here she has been ever since, and numerous attempts have been made to get the great treasure. The British Government sent over two brigs in 1794, and they labored for two summers. One of them sank and the other was driven off by the American government. In 1819 a company was formed and work begun but no progress was made. Others undertook the work but failed. Over $50,000 was expended in a coffer-dam, which could not resist the strong current. About twenty years ago a company was formed with Mr. Horace Barnes as superintendent at Worcester, Mass., known as the New England Submarine Company, and they have prosecuted the enterprise ever since. The company is now known as the Frigate Hussar Company, and they hope by the aid of improved machinery to get at the bonanza. Money has been found in the wreck, but not in sufficient quantities to pay. The articles taken from the wreck would fill a small museum. In a stable near Port Morris are stored cannon-balls, muskets, flints and bullets, human skulls and bones, and the manacles of the drowned American captives, pewter plates, bracelets, etc. In the Central Park museum there is a cannon taken from the wreck, and the British museum paid $1,500 for a bronze gun. Among the divers who have been engaged in the work are Daniel W. Joshlyne, E. B. Eaton, Thomas O'Neill, Otis A. Ramsay, Mr. Whitney and Uriah Card. They can work only at slack water, owing to the swiftness of the tide.

How to Tell a Horse's Age.

The *Journal of the Farm* tells how to know the age of a horse, as follows: The colt is born with twelve grinders; when four front teeth have made their appearance, the colt is 12 days old, and when the next four come forth, it is 4 weeks old. When the corner teeth appear, the colt is 8 months old; when the latter have attained to the height of the front teeth, it is 1 year old. The 2-year-old colt has the kernel (the substance in the middle of the tooth's crown) ground out in all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted, and when 3 years old these are substituted by the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth. At 6 years, the kernel is worn out of the lower middle front teeth, and the bridle teeth have now attained their full growth. At 7 years, a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw, the kernel of the next teeth at the middle is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off. At 8 years the kernel is worn out of the lower front teeth, and begins to decrease in the middle upper front. In the ninth year the kernel has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth; the hook on the corner has increased in size, and the bridle-teeth lose their points. In the tenth year the kernel is worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw, and in the eleventh year the kernel has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At 12 years old the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw has become triangular, and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age the gums shrink away from the teeth, which, consequently, receive a long narrow appearance, and their kernels have become metamorphosed into a darkish point, grey hairs increase in the forehead and over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

Barking Trees by Steam.

The barking of timber in winter by the aid of steam is exciting much attention in France just now, where a considerable amount of timber has hitherto been sold unbarked. The wood is exposed for about a quarter of an hour to the action of high-pressure steam in close chambers, when it peels readily. It is said the steam acts in the same way as the sap, by softening the layer intermediate between the wood and the bark, without in any way injuring the latter. After the bark is removed, the chief difficulty will be to devise a rapid method for drying by aid of artificial heat, a process which is always expensive on a large scale.

THE HONEST MAN.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor frowning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that the ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh;
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person call for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or slight;
Far above all things, he abhors deceit;
His words, and works, and fashion, too,
All of a piece, and all clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations! When the day is done
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run;
The sun to others writeth laws
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Wit and Humor.

A RACE of sculptors—The Chip-away Indians.

A FLAT-FOOTED statement—One made by a St. Louis belle.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE Niagara Falls hackmen will "go" for each and every candidate. — *Free Press.*

Oh, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh, for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh, for a vale which at midday the dew cumbers!
Oh, for a pleasure trip up to the pole!
—*New York Mail.*

AN Omaha woman writes from the Centennial art gallery to her home paper giving an enthusiastic account of such works as the "Drying Gladiator" and "Apollo of Belleview, dear!"

A PHILADELPHIAN who jostled a turbaned Mussulman distributing circulars on Chestnut street, a few days ago, was horrified at the exclamation: "Blast yer sowl! do yiz take me for a rale Turruk!"

WHEN a certain woman in town speaks of her "late husband," you must not conclude that she is a widow. Her husband is living, but he is never home until midnight.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A colored minister wishing to notify his congregation that the Sunday afternoon services would be discontinued, said: "Hereafter in the afternoon there will be no preaching in the afternoon hereafter."

"BOYS," said the teacher, holding up her right forefinger to make the scholars attentive, "what is Indian meal composed of?" And a little boy in the backseat, who wore patched trousers, got up and said, "Please, ma'am, rost missionaries."

"YOU come well recommended, I suppose?" said a gentleman to a boy who wanted an easy place. "Oh, yes, sir; the man I was with last recommended me; he recommended me to leave, and get work more congenial with my disposition."

THE *Evening Wisconsin*, at Milwaukee, said, on the last day of the Cincinnati Convention, "Our ears are turned toward Cincinnati," and the Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* says, "This accounts for the obscuration of the sun out here on that day."

A negro about dying was told by his master that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "If I dies I forgib dat nigga; but if I gets well dat nigga must take care!"

TWO WOMEN on the street yesterday wrangled like magpies over the possession of a stray block of ice, which both seemed to have found simultaneously. There was a coolness between them for a while, but the ice melted before their dispute ended.—*New York Tribune.*

SMALL GIRL—"Plaze, Misther Donovan, what o'clock is it?" Horologer—"Half-past wan." (Exit small girl.) (An interval of one minute. Re-enter small girl.) Small Girl—"Plaze, Misther Donovan, what o'clock is it?" Horologer—"Sure, amn't I afther telling ye?" Small Girl—"Och! but 'tis another woman towld me to ax ye this time."

A NEW JERSEY editor lost his best gold pen and holder a few days ago. After making a thorough search all over the office, and accusing a dozen tramps with its theft, he happened to remember where he last placed it, and bending down the top of his ear, discovered no less than fourteen pen-holders of various styles which he had lost within the last two years.

THREE or four Detroit girls were the other day discussing the character and standing of a certain young man, and an old lady was a close listener. One of the girls finally remarked: "Well, I guess he's rich, for I saw him coming out of a bank the other day." "And I guess he drives a street car," put in the lady, "for I saw him jump off a car one day last week."

A DOWN-TOWN man who read that the habit of tobacco-chewing could be cured by tasting an apple every time he felt inclined to partake of the weed, gave the recipe one day's trial. As he felt a hankering for the weed all day, he devoured a bushel of apples before bedtime, and retired with a chunk of the fruit in his mouth, which accidentally slipped down his throat and nearly choked him to death. He resumed the weed next morning.

The Brave Dead.

Among the officers who perished with Gen. Custer in the recent massacre were Bvt. Lieut. Col. Moylan, Bvt. Col. Thomas W. Custer, Lieut. Calhoun, and Lieut. W. W. Cook. Col. Custer, Captain of company B, Seventh Cavalry, was a brother of the General. He served during the war, part of the time in a Michigan regiment, and a part of the time on his brother's staff. At the close of the war he was commissioned in the regular army. Lieut. Calhoun served during the war in an Ohio regiment, and at the conclusion of hostilities was appointed in the regular army. He married a sister of Gen. Custer. Col. Moylan, Captain of company A, Seventh Cavalry, was not a brother-in-law of Gen. Custer, as has been reported. He married a sister of Lieut. Calhoun. He was born in Massachusetts; was a soldier at the beginning of the war; served during the war; was 18 months in Libby prison; and was commissioned in the Seventh Cavalry after the war. Lieut. Cook was the regimental Adjutant. He was born in Canada; was commissioned from New York in the volunteer army, and was commissioned in the Seventh Cavalry at the close of the war.